

Extracts from a Manuscript continued.

Affair near Charlotte, 1780.

After the British army had continued in Charlotte about a week, having consumed most of the forage and subsistence to be obtained at the farms in the vicinity, on the 3d day of October, 1780, Lord Cornwallis ordered out a foraging party, consisting of 350 infantry, 60 cavalry, and about 40 wagons, under the command of Major Doyle, which took up the road leading from Charlotte to Beattie's ford, on Catawba river, intending to draw their supplies from the fertile settlements on Long Creek waters, 8 or 10 miles north-west of Charlotte. Capt. James Thomson and 13 others, (p) who lived in that neighborhood, each well acquainted with every place, excellent woodsmen and expert riflemen, had come together the day before; and anticipating the necessity the British would be under to forage, had early in the morning assembled at Mitchell's Mill, (now Means') 3 miles from Charlotte, at which farm the corn was pulled,—at most other places, it was standing in the field. At this place they lay concealed about an hour, when they heard the wagons and Doyle's party on the march up the great road, about 1/2 of a mile to the north of them. Finding the party had gone past, they started through the woods parallel with the great road, and about half a mile from it; and kept nearly an even pace with the detachment on the road for 4 miles, until it arrived at McIntire's farm, 7 miles from Charlotte. After halting a short time, about 100 men and 10 wagons were left, believed to be sufficient for the transportation of what could be procured at that place; the commanding officer and the main body continued their march towards the farms, 3 or 4 miles further on. Thomson's party finding some were halted at this place, moved directly towards the thicket down the spring branch, 200 yards from the house; a point of a rocky ridge covered with bushes passed obliquely from the road towards the spring and within fifty yards of the house, which sheltered them from the view or fire of the enemy until they came within that distance. They deployed into a line about 10 feet apart, and advanced silently to their intended position. The British were much out of order—some at the barn throwing down oats for the wagons; others racing after the chickens, ducks and pigs; a squad robbing the bee-house of its contents; others doing the same in the dwelling-house. A sentinel placed near the spot to which they had advanced, appeared to be alarmed, tho' he had not seen them; Capt. Thomson shot him; this being the signal to commence firing, each man, as he could get a view, took steady and deliberate aim before he fired, at the distance of 60 or 70 yards;—in two instances, where two were aiming at the same man, when the first fired and the man fell, the second had to change and search for another object.—The enemy immediately began to form, and commenced a brisk fire; none of the party had time to load and fire a second time, but Capt. Thomson and Frank Bradley, Thomson, with a naked ball, aimed at the commanding officer of the party, standing high the barn-door; he died of the wound he received, at the house of Samuel McCombs in Charlotte, two days after. They retreated through the thicket down the spring branch, which ran nearly parallel to the great road and about 30 poles from it, for half a mile to where it enters Carr's Creek, (a branch of Long Creek) the enemy ceased firing about the time they arrived at this point, where they halted and heard the noise of the main body under Major Doyle, who were alarmed by the firing, and returned to support the party at McIntire's. Thomson's party loaded their rifles and ascended the creek bottom until near the ford, and displayed as before, under cover of a high bank, parallel with the road and about four yards from it; they were just arrived at their stations, when the enemy's advanced and some wagons came before them; they severely fired, after taking steady aim as before, and retreated down the creek bottom. The enemy instantly formed on the opposite side of the creek, and began to fire through the bottom, which continued until the party had retreated half a mile; at the same time their cavalry divided, and half took down each side the creek, and 6 or 7 hundreds were on file on their track; within 1/2 of a mile came up with

them, when one of the dogs was shot, and the others ceased to pursue further; the cavalry, however, still kept on their flanks on the high ground; but the force of the country being hilly and thick underbrush, Thomson's company escaped unhurt. The horsemen kept on their flanks until they arrived at the plantation of Robert Carr, senr. where they appeared much enraged and carried the old gentleman off a prisoner, though he was 70 years of age.

The whole formed a junction with those at McIntire, and took up their dead, which was eight in number, and 12 wounded, and putting them in their wagons, returned to Charlotte in great haste, not taking more baggage than could be conveyed in two wagons. Some prisoners who were confined in the Court-House when Doyle's detachment arrived, heard an officer enquire of another of the party if they had met with any rebels; he answered in the affirmative, swearing that after they went 7 or 8 miles, they found a rebel in every bush.

It is believed, that in the whole war the enemy did not sustain as great a loss, or was so completely disappointed in his views by so few men. That out of 30 shot fired, 20 should do execution, is new in the history of war; and several of the party thought, that if each man had aimed at a separate object, every shot would have told.

- Notes.—(p)—Their names were James Thomson, Captain, since dead. Francis Bradley, killed by the Tories near his own house, three weeks after. James Henry, dead. Thomas Dickson, and John Dickson, } living in Tennessee. John Long, dead. Robert Robison, Esq. living in Mecklenburg. Gen. George Graham, living in Mecklenburg. George Houston, and } moved to Kentucky. Hugh Houston, } Thomas McClure, moved to Kentucky. John Robison, lives on Crowder's Creek. George Shipley, and } dead. Edward Shipley, }

FOR THE CATAWBA JOURNAL.

Mr. Editor: It must be admitted, that the safety and honor and permanent prosperity of every government depend upon that wise arrangement of its laws and finances, which gives every citizen an interest in the public good. It may reasonably be expected, that free and enlightened men will support an administration which secures their rights, in war is their industry and encourages their virtue. And the great design of every good government undoubtedly is, to defend the persons, protect the property and encourage the labor and morality of its subjects. For this purpose, in our admirable constitution certain prerogatives are given to those who make or amend our laws, and certain funds committed to their care and subject to their appropriation. But often these powers are abused to promote the private interests of those who legislate, and as often these funds are expended for purposes altogether extravagant and useless. And what state more than North-Carolina has reason to deplore the inefficient exercise of legislative prerogatives, and the unprofitable expenditure of public money? It will be acknowledged, that those funds in which all bear a part in raising, should be laid out so as to benefit the greatest number of our citizens, and to benefit them in the highest degree; and in what way can the great mass of our population be more benefited in their temporal concerns, than by clearing out our navigable rivers, and by opening and keeping up good roads to our market towns? The appropriations for internal improvements are not, as multitudes imagine, solely to benefit the merchants and their immediate dependants; but the good to be gained, if properly secured, would flow in as uniform and copious streams to the farmers as to any other class of our citizens. Every farmer is interested, more or less, in the means of taking his produce to market, in the price he may receive for it, and in the quality and price of those things he may want in return. Roads kept in good order, would benefit all classes of society. If our streams were opened, how much easier and cheaper might our produce be disposed of? Who does not perceive, that the value of what we have to sell would be much enhanced by removing the obstacles to our exports? And none can be ignorant how much cheaper we might purchase goods, if they could be imported directly from the places where they may be obtained upon the best terms. At present, the trade of North-Carolina is limited chiefly to coasting vessels; so that the merchants of many of our towns, instead of engaging in foreign trade, are supported by speculations for attending to the business of distant merchants, who realize a double profit, by sending into our state, in small vessels, what we can receive in no other way. True, the legislature has attempted to remedy these evils,

and we rejoice to find that the success in the Cape-Fear has been very great. The inlet at Wilmington is known to be 15 feet. This admits of vessels entering large enough for any trade needed by North-Carolina; but the flats below Wilmington have hitherto prevented vessels drawing more than nine feet water coming up the river. Such, however, has been the success of the work upon these flats during the last summer, that vessels of a much larger size can now come to Wilmington, without the labor and expense of shifting their cargoes into smaller ones.

In addition to this we learn, that the Cape-Fear between Wilmington and Fayetteville has been greatly improved, so that Steam-Boats run to advantage when the river is at its lowest. But yet much remains to be done. The works at Wilmington and on the Cape-Fear should be thoroughly completed. In no way can the state be so much or so permanently benefited, as by fostering a commercial town of sufficient size to regulate the trade and concentrate the energies of every part of it. This would stop the system of unfair dealing, which, united with other circumstances, has driven much of our best produce into neighbouring states. Because, so soon as any one place is enabled, by an extensive and profitable trade, to command the immense resources of the whole western section of the state, sufficient capital will be transferred to it, to give that competition to the market which will compel honest exchange, or hold out an effectual relief from *sharpers*. And there can be no doubt but Fayetteville must become this town. All who are acquainted with its supplies and advantages, readily acknowledge this fact; and the growing importance of that place will not refuse, but greatly benefit, the best part of North-Carolina. All discerning merchants grant that the interests of Fayetteville and Wilmington, Raleigh, Hillsborough, Salisbury, Charlotte, Concord, Lincolnton, &c. &c. are intimately connected. And we trust there is sufficient energy aroused in our state to bear down every form of opposition to the measures now taking to raise ourselves, and to shew to the Union that we are not only rich in resources, but determined to wield them.

The contracted policy hitherto pursued, has thrown from North-Carolina some of the best of its produce. We refer to that section of the state between the Yadkin and Catawba rivers, embracing the counties of Rowan, Iredell, Cabarrus, Mecklenburg, Lincoln, &c. &c. These counties form the garden spot of the state. This is true, whether we regard the fertility of the soil, the value and abundance of the produce, or the intelligence, wealth and piety of the inhabitants. Part of the trade of this interesting section Fayetteville has always commanded; and at present, the rapid increase of it is very encouraging. The prices now given for cotton in Fayetteville are nearly, if not altogether, equal to those of Charleston. Groceries, no doubt, are as cheap, when the distance of carriage is estimated. The stock of dry goods now in Fayetteville, we learn, is much greater than at any previous time. Wholesale establishments are increasing in number and respectability. Why, then, should not the trade of the West flow into that channel opened by nature for it? Why should farmers by hundreds submit to the toil and expense of hawling to Charleston cotton which they might sell to as good profit in our own state and much nearer home? We know how difficult it is to change the current of trade; but we can see no good reason why North-Carolina should be deprived of her commodities to enrich those states which are not interested in consulting our good. It is time for us to break our chains of political and commercial subservience, and do for ourselves what we are contented, as a state, for not doing. The strength of North-Carolina is not known, because it has not been exerted. Too long she has slumbered over the means of wealth and political importance, without struggling to seize and command her own resources. The dismal effects of this indifference to the highest privileges, are too obvious to be mistaken. Multitudes have left us to seek in the west greater facilities of trade, and a better reward for industry; and among what remain, the spirit of apathy to the public good has been too long cherished.

What enterprise of greatness stands a moment of our wisdom to plan, and power to achieve? What plan of improvement excites the attention and unites the energies of our people? For what will posterity venerate our munificence? Mark the states to the west, which have, in six or seven years, risen to honor and power and the accumulated means of prosperity. See what they undertake and effect. Think of what New-York has done in a few years,

Gaze upon the exhaustless treasures pouring into her from every direction. Do justice to the enterprise thrown thro' all ranks of society, by the impulse of her trade. And shall we admire without imitation, or envy without hope? Shall we, with a delightful climate, rich soil, fine rivers, and an interesting population, go on without grasping the facilities of nature to become distinguished, wealthy and wise? In what country has industry continued without a reward? What nation has been free or wealthy without trade? At what time have refinement of manners and diffusion of knowledge, been disjoined from commerce? What filled India with treasures when Solomon was king? By what means did the Phœnicians rise to eminence? What gave an ascendancy to the cities of Athens and Corinth? What enabled the Carthaginians to resist the growth of Rome? From what did the mighty influence of Constantinople upon Europe arise? From what did Holland draw her stores of wealth? By what does England stand? We ask the enemies of *free trade and farmers' rights* to tell.

We have long wished to witness united, systematic, and vigorous exertions to raise the political character and commercial importance of North-Carolina. *With all her defects, we love her still.* And if in political economy, as in moral discipline, the discovery of the evil be the first movement towards the remedy, we may predict many things of interest. We trust there is a spirit of reform now kindling, that will move on with accelerated power, until all hearts shall be animated with the prospects and benefits of internal improvement. However high we regard this subject, we attach to it all its interest, only from its subordination to the intellectual improvement and moral character of our citizens. We well know that all the means and appliances of earthly good are worthy of attention chiefly because auxiliary to virtuous attainments and moral purity. And did our limits admit, we would attempt to prove the connexion between the external advantages for which we have contended, and distinctions more elevated, refined and permanent.

**The Death-Watch.**—Among the popular superstitions which the almost general illumination of modern times has not been able to obliterate, the dread of the death-watch may well be considered as one of the most predominant, and still continues to disturb the habitations of rural tranquillity with groundless fears and absurd apprehensions. It is chiefly in the advanced state of spring that this little animal commences its rounds, which is no other than the call or signal by which the male and female are led to each other, and which may be considered as analogous to the call of birds; though not owing to the voice of the insect, but to its beating on any hard substance with the shield or fore part of its head. The prevailing number of distinct strokes which it beats is from seven to nine or eleven, which very circumstance may still add in some degree to the ominous character which it bears among the vulgar. These sounds or beats are given in pretty quick succession, are repeated at uncertain intervals, and in old houses, where the insects are numerous, may be heard at almost every hour of the day—especially if the weather be warm. The insect is of a colour so nearly resembling that of decayed wood, that it may for a considerable time elude the search of the inquirer. It is about a quarter of an inch in length, and is moderately thick in proportion; and the wing-shells are marked with numerous irregular variegations, of a lighter or grayer colour than the ground colour.

**The disease of Love.**—It is a serious fact, that a greater number of young girls between the ages of 15 and 18, and of young men between 18, and 21, fall victims to what they call love, than to any particular class of disease, and more particularly in England and Ireland, than in any other country on earth. This is from the force of impressions peculiar to these countries, and of comparative recent growth—the effect produced by a certain class of romance writers. These writers give an obliquity to the young mind, which leads to destruction. Scarcely has a young girl bid adieu to her schooling, than she becomes a subscriber for some trashy library, and the hours which, in the country, or in a bed where chastity is unknown, she would employ in jumping about in the open air, are now consumed with fatigues and thought upon the manifold miseries of some hapless heroine of romance, the abolition of a diseased brain. Her *imagination*, as Spurzheim would philosophically observe, becomes diseased, and she then

on her favourite heroine, whom she spies in every thing—sighing for her sorrow, and moaning to be as miserable. She fixes immediately on some figure of a man, some Edwin, or Edgar, or Ethelbert, which she thinks will harmonize with the horrors of the picture, and she then enjoys her tears and her tortures, to her heart's satisfaction. Long inaction, late hours, late rising, and incessant sighing, derange her digestion, paleases, loss of appetite, and general debility follow—the cause continuing, the effects increase, and hectic fever puts an end to the romance. We have known a youngish lady who read herself into this situation. She was, at the age of 18, as lively, as healthy, and as fine a promise of womanhood, as that country ever produced.

When the London all street troop of romances crossed her way, an officer of a very different sort of troop became her hero. She would "sit in her bow-wow" (the second floor window) and gaze—and gaze upon his steel, his helmet and its streaming black haired crest, as he passed to mount guard, until she sobbed aloud in extasy of melancholy. She never spoke of this Knight, nor did she even seek to have an acquaintance—lest, perhaps, a formal proposal, a good leg of mutton for dinner, and all the realities of domestic happiness, might dissipate the sweet romantic misery she so much delighted in. A year passed over—"she pined in thought, and with a green and yellow melancholy," entered a convent—for that is the climax of romance) where she died in a few months.

**Curing of Sage for the China Mer.**—The Monthly Review, in Reviewing Phillips' History of Vegetables, 1822, respecting Sage, says, "that the Dutch have been long in the habit of drying Sage leaves to resemble tea, for which they collect not only their own, but also great quantities from the south of France.—They pack them in casks, and take them out to China; for every pound of Sage, they get in exchange four pounds of tea, the Chinese preferring it to the best of their own tea." If this assertion be correct, and if it was possible that a similar trade could be carried on by the English, (considering the greatness of the consumption of foreign tea,) the labor that would be caused by it would be extraordinary great; the progress of drying and curing be easily done, and it would employ both young and old in its preparation.

London Magazine.

INFLUENCE OF MOTHERS.

**In forming the Characters of Children.** We have always been amongst those who hold it as an axiom that no wise man ever had a silly mother. It is true, nature by her mysterious laws, does much to constitute the elementary principles of mental capacity, but the moral law, perhaps, has much more to do in the formation of character than is generally believed. The earliest lessons of wisdom are the most important, and who can teach them but a mother? A high-minded and an ambitious woman is constantly dwelling on the welfare of her children, and all her lessons are to make them good, wise and conscientious: she casts a horoscope for her child, and seldom, indeed, is a wicked demon allowed to throw a shadow to cross the lines of good fortune. The manish puppy who is taught from the cradle nothing which he must unlearn when he comes to riper years. The holy conscience of the nursery too often enters into the character of the man; but when so good and wise a being as a well-educated mother presides over the incipient stages of a free thought, the child is born in the high road of knowledge and wisdom. It may be true, that they have been men who have overcome had liberal education—but they have been few—this was the esoteric meaning of the fable of Hercules strangling the Python in the cradle. The tales of the nursery, prated by affectionate mothers, are the worst of serpents, they reach the heart and the brain in the nursery, and leave their poison forever.—To overcome these evils is worthy of Apollonius. The minstrels of every age have sung the powers, the charms and the character of women.—

"Him on the scaffold she has stood  
Respectable by a martyr's blood;  
Her voice the patriot's heart has steeled,  
Her eye glow'd on battle's field;  
Her courage's bold man diuogen's gleam  
The captive, bounding o'er his doom;  
Her bold's the fallen monarch's wail,  
Her love's the tyrant's fury aw'd."  
—but it is only the moral and christian philosopher who places for a divinity in the nursery.—*Dunston Gazette.*  
The hardest trial of the heart is, whether it can bear a rival's failure without triumph.  
The man who, improving in his skill or knowledge, improves in modes of his mind, and his progress is